

THE GOAT

"H & Q"



"A"

"B"

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

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The Late Major-General François Louis Lessard, CB.

1860—1927

Born at Quebec City, December 9th 1860, the son of the late Louis L. Lessard; appointed to Royal Canadian Dragoons 1888; commanded Royal Canadian Dragoons 1898 to 1907; Adjutant-General Canadian Forces 1907-1912; Officer Commanding Military District No. 2, December 1912-1915; Inspector-General forces in Canada during Great War; retired 1919; Colonel of the Royal Canadian Dragoons October 7, 1921.

Service: North West Rebellion and South African War. For service in the S.A. War was made Military Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath and received the Queen's medal with five clasps. Died at age of 66, 7 a.m. Sunday, August 7th 1927 at Meadowvale, Ont.

Editorial.

Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B., Colonel of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, entered on his last rest on August 7th 1927 at his home at Meadowvale, Ont., after an illness of a few months. The news of General Lessard's death only reached us at Petawawa Camp the evening of August 8th and caused deep sorrow among all ranks of the regiment. While there are but few members of this regiment who actually served under General Lessard, he was well known and loved by all. He has gone ahead of us to join our comrades beyond the "Great Divide" but his name, his example and his spirit will live forever in the regiment he loved so well and will be an example to those who follow in his footsteps. All ranks desire to extend their deepest sympathy to those he has left behind

NOTES FROM PETAWAWA

Owing to an economical administration, the two squadrons have not had the pleasure of meeting at Petawawa Camp since '21. therefore, in this year's reunion we take all the more pleasure. It is indeed refreshing to see all those cheerfull-ugly faces once more. "Freddy" Cox is still exercising the "pull" which, in former days made his name synonymous with that of Hindenburg. Some time ago I remember hearing someone advise Tom King to "buy a dog." Well Tom is now the owner of a most diminutive whelp which does everything he doesn't want it to do, and keeps poor Tom on fatigue fetching it something to eat. "Paddy" Doyle is here from St John, N.B. He apparently misses the benign influence of the Province of Quebec.

Paul Boudreau finds the quest of moose track most exciting. One wonders how he can see them in the dark.

"Hoppy"—I beg pardon, S.S.M.I. Hopkinson—refuse to forsake his only love and steadily "pounds the lug."

"Bob" Harris writes and writes—and his tent-mate writhes. Ah me!—how wonderful are the effervescent days of youth!

L/Cpl's. Cullinan and Mundell

are in hard training. They expect to make the regimental football team.

Wanted—Volunteers to assist or persist in loading "Bucephalous" on the homeward trip. I know one who will **Not apply**.

The rumour that the N.C.O. who lost a pair of pantaloons was wearing them at the time of their disappearance is entirely incorrect.

"Jimmy" Britt desires information regarding the favourite feeding grounds of Elks in the Petawawa Reserve.

NIAGARA CAMP NOTES

BY

"ABSI INVIDIA"

Well here we are again after a long absence, and at the time of writing our camp at Niagara on the Lake is drawing to a close, and we are preparing to go to Petawawa for three weeks.

We are leaving behind us many pleasant (and also a few unpleasant) memories of our stay in Niagara. We went on two "Cooks Tours" or treks one to Queenston Heights to see Brock's Monument. It was lovely day! the rain couldn't have been "wetter," but we were all wearing our new "sponge" raincoats, and for absorbing moisture and ensuring that the wearer will be wet to the skin these coats cannot be beat. After arriving at the Monument we had our dinner, and made some tea (?) provided by the Sgt. Cook who as usual gave us about four teaspoonfuls of sugar to be divided amongst sixty of us, but taking things all around it was not a bad trip. Some of the boys went up Brock's Monument to get a view from the top, but it is reported that one of our N.C.O.'s only got half way up and out. Why? (Perhaps he met Major Stethem—The Editor.) During our return to camp, a cow tied to a fence was so shocked at the sight of "B" Squadron at the trot, that it broke its chain and fled. It was pursued by our cowboy N.C.O. who is known as "Tiny" who was ably assisted by dismounted action on the part of one who is known as "Scruffy." The cow was brought back and safely tied up again, and we understand that the authorities have applied to Ottawa for a "Certificate of Cowboy Proficiency" for the aforementioned.

The next "Cooks Tour" was to Port Weller. This trek was made in full marching order, it was a

fine day for a change and everything went off nicely. We had our dinner on the banks of the lake, and several of the boys availed themselves of a short practice for the aquatic sports. Before returning we were shown around No. 1 Lock of the New Welland Canal, and had many things explained to us by the canal engineers.

About the middle of July things were very quiet about camp, and we could not think why this was, until we discovered that our S.S.M. had lost his voice. We are glad to say he has found it again and things are normal once more. It was a case of "Whisper and we shall hear."

I might mention that at the beginning of camp a lot of boys had a gentleman friend who owned a Chevrolet Sedan, and he used to take a number of us for rides. Some of us we understand, used to walk back from these moonlight trips, but on the aggregate most of the trips were completed. One known as "Bad Man" was a frequent tripper, and among some of the few who walked back was "Taffy." The gentleman who owned the car was Mr. MacGuire and quite a few were disappointed at his departure as he was known to all and sundry as a good sport.

We had another short "Cooks Tour" on July 26th and were shown the Dominion Canning Company Farm, and their famous Rose Hedge. I might say that all these Tours are under the personal guidance of our Squadron Leader, Major Baty, who indicates and explains any points of interest as we pass.

We have developed into a "Ghastly Squadron" lately, as men can be seen around the stables at all hours of the night fixing up their marching order. One was heard to remark—"The horses are getting bow-legged through carrying marching order."

During the last two weeks at Niagara the Old Comrades Association held their annual picnic and joined with us in holding dismounted sports, and we also held Mounted and Aquatic sport. These events are reported in the Sports Column.

We were inspected by the D.O.C. on Friday July 29th and this was followed by a sham battle in which

"B" Coy. The R.C.R. also took part.

Early on Sunday July 31st we entrain for Petawawa, thus the end of a perfect Niagara Camp for the year 1927.

This reads like "My War Diary" the only difference being that there is a little more action shewn.

"Absit Invidia."

Personal & Regimental

Born August 7th—to Capt. and Mrs. L. D. Hammond at St. Johns, Que., a daughter. Mother and daughter both doing well.

The address of ex-Tpr. E. Geo. Green of "C" Squadron is 1456 Winchester Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, U.S.A. Many old comrades will remember his aptitude for drawing.

Another old timer has this month discharged to pension namely No. 228 Trooper Herbert Bush, R.C.D. Tpr. Bush has had over 18 years service in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, previously to that he served with the 11th Hussars (Imperial) with the Punjab Frontier Force 1897-98, and in the South African Campaign 1899-02. He first enlisted in the R.C.D.'s on March 2nd 1907 and was discharged in October 1912. Upon the outbreak of the Great War he re-enlisted with us again at Valcartier in September 1914 and has served continuously up to the date of his discharge 5th August, 1927.

He is in possession of the following medals—India Medal (Punjab Frontier Force) South Africa (Queen's) South Africa (King's) 1914-15 Star General Service, and Victory Medals.

Tpr. Bush a few months ago was seriously ill in the Christie Street Hospital Toronto, but we are glad to state that he is now well on the mend again, and he leaves the service with the very best of wishes from all ranks of the regiment, in which we are sure that we will be joined by many of his old comrades. We understand that he plans shortly to return to England but at present he is residing at the Arlington Hotel, King St., Toronto.

Mrs. Wm. Baty and Miss Joan Baty are remaining under canvas



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in their camp at Fort George, Niagara on the Lake, whilst the regiment is in camp at Petawawa. Major Baty expects to join them there to spend his leave during the month of September.

On Friday evening July 15th the officers at Niagara on the Lake entertained in the Mess in the Compound. Upwards of one hundred guests were present including several officers and their friends from the American Post at Fort Niagara. The mess room was gaily decorated, and the lawn illuminated with Chinese lanterns for the occasion. Supper was served during the evening, and dancing was continued until the small hours of the morning.

Major Scafe, O.B.E. Royal Welsh Fusiliers, from the War Office England who is at present visiting Canada on duty, spent several days with us at Niagara Camp. Major Scafe's special work at the War Office is in connection with personal services to Colonial Officers who visit England either on duty or on leave.

Captain Stewart Bate, R.C.D., paid us a short visit at Niagara Camp, after his return from sick leave in Europe, we were delighted to see him again and to note that his health is greatly improved as a result of his holiday. He is now at his home in Ottawa until September 1st when he is to appear before a Medical Board, after which we trust that he will be declared fit to return to duty.

Mrs. D. B Bowie and her guest Miss Phillips are at present living under canvas in the "Married Patch" at Petawawa Camp. We regret to report that Mrs. Bowie, who was kicked by a horse while at Niagara Camp has been having a lot of trouble as a result and is at present confined to her bed. We trust that her injury will not be of serious nature and that she will soon be about again.

L/Cpl. Jennings "B" Sqn. took his discharge this month on the completion of his term of engagement.

Captain T. A. James R.C.D. proceeded from Petawawa to Toronto for several days where he was on duty as personal escort to the Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Premier of Great Britain during his visit to Toronto and at the opening of the Peace Bridge between Fort Erie Ont. and Buffalo, N.Y.

Major D. B Bowie, D.S.O., Capt.

J. Wood and 50 other ranks of "B" Sqn. remained in Niagara Camp, to proceed to Fort Erie, Ont. to form an escort to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the opening of the new Peace Bridge between Fort Erie Ont. and Buffalo, N.Y., which took place on Sunday, August 7th.

The remainder of the Squadron and Regimental Headquarters, entrained, together with "B" Coy., The R.C.R., at Niagara on the Lake for Petawawa Camp, on Sunday July 31st and arrived at their destination after an uneventful trip on Monday morning August 1st Headquarters "C" Coy. and the Band of the Royal Canadian Regiment from London, Ont., joined our troop train at Toronto.

The weather at Petawawa has so far been perfect, and our life very much reminds one of our several visits to Cape Breton, except that we are not behind wire, in that we spend most of our spare time in renewing acquaintances with our friends of the Artillery, in R.C.R.'s, the Royal 22nd and other services. Needless to say we were especially glad to re-united again with "A" Sqn. and only regret that it is to be for such a short period of time.

Unit training is now in progress and combined training is to take place during the last few days of the camp. An elaborate programme of sports has been arranged, consisting of football and base ball leagues between the various units and Mounted, Dismounted, and Aquatic sports are also to be held.

Capt. Berteau did not accompany the Squadron to Camp having been granted sick leave during the period the Squadron is in Camp.

Visitor (in country hotel): "Wonder you don't change the name of this hotel to the Prince of Wales!"

Proprietor: "Oh, sir--but why?"

"Well, there were three feathers in my bed, anyway!"

"Smith gave a song last night at the charity concert."

"He can't sing. Who egged him on?"

"I don't know. Smith is looking for the man who egged him off."

She was insisting he should be a punter no longer.

"But let me back just one more horse," he pleaded. "I promise it will be the last."

"It always is," she retorted.

Bytown Bits.

Summer Training:—For the past month or six weeks the units of the Ottawa garrison have been hard at it in camps of instruction. The Dragoons and Machine Gunners went to Connaught and the Signallers and Gunners to Petawawa. The Engineers were at Kingston and the C.A.M.C. at Cobourg. The cavalry are hoping that next year they will be able to train with the rest of the 2nd Mounted Brigade and that the camp will be held at Petawawa. The 38th are to go to Connaught for four days in September and with them will be several rural units from M.D. 3.

Small Arms Courses:—The second course at the Canadian Small Arms School opened on the 25th of July with a large number of students attending.

The Prince Arrives:—The garrison were called upon for several duties in connection with the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. On the arrival of the Royal party on the 2nd instant the P.L.D.G. supplied an escort, the G.G.F.G. a guard of honor and the 1st Brigade C.F.A. fired the salute. On the 3rd instant the P.L.D.G. supplied another escort and the 38th Ottawa Highlanders the guard of honor. On the arrival a detachment of 150 men of the garrison acted as military police.

Aint it True:—A funny incident happened on the evening of the 1st of July in front of the Parliament buildings. A high class programme was being put on the air by C.N.R.O. and thousands listened to the loud speakers for several hours. Around 11 o'clock Madame Eva Gauthier was thrilling the audience with her wonderful voice and sang as one of the pieces that delightful ditty about "Johnny's so late at the Fair." As she sang the words "he promise me to buy me a piece of blue ribbon," a gentleman who had dined not wisely but too well, exclaimed in a loud strident voice, "Never mind what he promised Kid, that's what they all say."

Bisley Meet:—The Canadian team as usual did very well at the Bisley meet this year. There was great excitement in Ottawa when it became known that Lieut. Desmond Burke, G.G.F.G. was runner up in the last stage for the King's Prize. The youthful guardee had all Ottawa pulling for him and the news of his defeat in the last lap was a sore touch to the people of

the capital. However it was admitted that he made a game fight.

Jim Parkinson Passes:—A well loved figure in official Ottawa passed the latter part of July when Inspector James Parkinson R.C.M.P., was called by death. Inspector Parkinson was 70 years of age and had been on pension for the past seven years. He was one of the best known policeman in Canada and previous to the amalgamation had served for years with the old Dominion Police. His specialty was secret service work and he had been on every Royal train across Canada since the visit of the present King in 1901.

Col Powell Promoted:—Many old friends in Ottawa were pleased to learn of the promotion of Colonel A. H. H. Powell to be commandant of M.D. at Halifax. Previous to joining the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Col. Powell was for many years connected with the P.L.D.G. and held the rank of captain in that unit on his first appointment to the Permanent Force.

D.C.R.A.:—By the time this appears in print the annual meet of the D.C.R.A. will be in full swing at Connaught. Lieut.-Col. R. J. Birdwhistle the energetic secretary of the association spared no pains to make the meet a success.

General Lessard:—It was with deep regret that the news of the passing of General Lessard at Meadowvale, was received in Ottawa by the senior members of the P.L.D.G. in particular and the N.P.A.M. in general. A true sportsman and a fine soldier he was beloved by all with whom he came in contact and

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he has done more than anyone else in Canada to help along the militia cavalry regiment in their trials and troubles.. His term as Commandant the Royal School of Cavalry was one of brilliant success and many officers of field rank in the cavalry regiments can remember the days they spent at Stanley Barracks doing their subalterns and captains courses under the expert eye of "Colonel" Lessard. He was one who was always ready to tell you if what you did was right or wrong and once told by him you never forgot what he had told you.

Many officers were very much disappointed that he did not get a division in the late war and I have always been of the opinion that his service to the country in South Africa and in peace times entitled him to at least the command of a division. A good soldier, a good sportman, and good friend has passed on and the world will be all the poorer for the passing.

PAGEANT OF WAR OF TWO CENTURIES

Battle of Blenheim Refought at Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo

With a spectacular pageant of warfare past, present and future, the 1927 Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo recently scored a brilliant success.

In spite of chilly weather there was a crowd of over 20,000, including thousands of soldiers who took a "busman's holiday" to see how their forefathers fought in 1704, and how mechanical robots are going to do their fighting in the next war.

While the evening darkened massed bands of over 1,000 instrumentals gave a program of spirited music, and when this ended with Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture a model of Moscow erected at the edge of nearby woods, burst into flames while battle crashed and thundered all around.

When the flames of Moscow had died down the vast arena was flood lighted by searchlights, while from the dark surrounding woods brilliantly uniformed men emerged for their tableaux.

Two Centuries of War

In the great glare of light two centuries of warfare were contrasted in striking fashion.

First was the Battle of Blenheim, with a real village and the woods alive with French and English troops to the number of about 2,000 garbed in the uniforms of the period and with cannon that actually saw service 200 years ago.

It made a thrilling spectacle with the dashing cavalry charges, the slow advance of the red British line and the final assault and capture of the village.

Then the hum of aeroplanes overhead changed the scene to modern warfare. High in the sky a big bomber was attacked by two fighters—all three planes outlined with electric lights. They performed thrilling manoeuvres including the "falling leaf" stunt.

When the searchlights flooded the arena again gone were the brilliant uniforms of Marlborough's victorious men, and in their place were trenches and barrage fires and tanks cruising through the woods like prehistoric monsters.

Over 2,500 men took part in the concluding torchlight display.

TROOPER RALPH BEATON

On Friday afternoon, July 15th, Trooper Ralph Beaton, who was one of the party on duty during the Staff Course at Bishops College School, Lennoxville, P.Q., was drowned in the St. Francis River about a mile above Lennoxville. According to the evidence given at the inquest, presided over by Dr. J. A. Boucher, coroner of the district and held in Sherbrooke, our deceased comrade, accompanied by Troopers Henri Fisseault, T. W. Rogers and Roy Hilder went down to the St. Francis River, near the Dominion Experimental Farm, to bathe. They were not good swimmers and were amusing themselves by wading near the edge of the river. Beaton and Fisseault however, went out too far and were at once carried by the swift current into the deep pool. Fisseault managed to reach shore, but Beaton, who attempted to swim to a large boulder in the river proved unequal to the task and sank before the eyes of his comrades.

The swift current carried him down the river and it was not till thirty minutes later that he was recovered. Failing to respond to treatment after an hour's work, life was declared extinct by Dr. George Hume.

A party of one sergeant, one Corporal, eight troopers and a trumpeter attended his funeral at Scotstown, P.Q. Everyone was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and with the parental love manifested at the ceremony. Trumpeter Randle sounded "Last Post" and as the strains died away it seemed a fitting end to one of our comrades who was highly esteemed by all who came in contact with him.

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Letter to the Editor.

July 6th 1927
387 Tweed Ave
Elmwood
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:

I have just unearthed an old photo of Major Nordheimer's troop taken at Shrewton, Wilts, about March 1915. Thought it might be of interest to readers of the "Goat" I hope you will be able to make use of it in our monthly paper.

I was more than pleased to meet George Oakes of "B" Sqn. in Winnipeg a few days ago but as he was leaving almost at once there was very little opportunity to go over old times.

He expressed his desire to read "The Goat" and as I have forgotten his address I hope some reader can supply it so he can enjoy "The Goat". I will be pleased to have the troops photo returned as it is one of the few remembrances I have of my old Regiment.

Wishing you every success I remain

Sincerely
B. J. Akerstrom.

(This photo will appear in the September issue.—Editor.)

PRINCE OF WALES CLUB

An application for membership in the Prince of Wales Club was received a couple of weeks ago from Sgt. Inst. Hopkinson. We are sorry to say that the committee (Cully and Hank) have not yet come to a decision in this case. The point in question seems to be —does simply falling off a horse qualify a man for membership or must he come off going over the jump?

Cully states he will speak to the Prince himself and get a ruling on it.

Hard-Headed

They were telling tales of dexterity, and, of course, each of them tried to outdo the man who had spoken last.

When one concluded a really remarkable story another took up the task.

"That's nothing," he said. "I know a stone-mason with only one arm."

"Rubbish!" said the first man. "How could he do his work?"

Very simply," came the astounding response. "He holds the chisel in his teeth and hits himself on the back of the head with a hammer."

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Funeral of Major-Gen. F. L. Lessard, C.B.

With all the impressive ceremony of a military funeral, Major General François Louis Lessard, C.B., who fought in the North-West Rebellion and in South Africa, was laid in his grave in Mount Hope Cemetery on Aug. 9th.

Thousands of citizens lined the route of the funeral procession, which included the leading general officers of the Canadian militia in which General Lessard had risen from the rank of trooper to that of chief commanding officer, at the time when the Great War broke out.

The funeral service took place at ten o'clock in St. Basil's Roman Catholic Church where solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. Fathers J V. Kelly, C.S.B., O'Neil, C.S.B., and D. Forestell, C.S.B. The church was nearly filled, the congregation including many well-known citizens.

Union Jack Covers Coffin

A bearer party of sergeants of the Royal Canadian Dragoons bore the coffin to its place in the choir, where it stood on a catafalque, covered with the Union Jack, on which were placed Gen. Lessard's plumed helmet, sword and belt, and the decoration of the Order of the Bath. Preceding the coffin were the honorary pall-bearers Major-General MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Major-General Em slie, Major-General Victor Williams, Lt.-Colonel Walker Bell, Lt. Colonel Rhoades, Lt.-Colonel Conover, Lt.-Colonel Bertram and Major Douglas Bowie.

The Crown and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province was represented by Col. Agar Adamson, and the Minister of National Defence by Major-General Panet.

At the conclusion of the service the funeral procession proceeded to Yonge street, headed by an escort of the Royal Canadian Dragoons marching with reversed arms. Next came the red-coated band of the Mississauga Horse, under Bandmaster B. M. Zealey, playing the Dear March.

Body on Gun Carriage

Preceeded by the pall-bearers the hearse, a gun carriage drawn by a pair of superb black horses, mounted by a driver. On the coffin was the Union Jack and helmet, sword and decorations. Behind the gun carriage the late general's charger was led by a Tpr.

of the R.C.D.'s having his boots reversed in the stirrups.

The gun carriage was followed by a car bearing floral tributes a carriage in which rode Major General Otter, who also served with General Lessard in the North West Rebellion and in South Africa. Then followed officers in uniform, walking two and two, headed by Major-General Panet, and Col. J. E. L. Streight, commanding the Governor Generals Body Guard.

The Peel and Dufferin Regiment of which General Lessard was honorary colonel, was largely represented at the funeral, among the officers present being: Major Hughes, M.C., Major Powell, Capt. Anderson, Lieut. Drennan, Col. Bull, Major Corkett and Lieut. Justin.

Ceremony at Graveside

Immediately behind the gun carriage in the funeral procession with Major-General Panet was Brigadier-General Bell, commanding Toronto Military District, and nearly every rank of the headquarters staff was present among the mourners.

The service at the graveside was conducted by Rev. Father Kelly, a former chaplain C.E.F., after which the escort of Royal Canadian Dragoons, General Lessard's old regiment, fired three farewell volleys over the grave, and the moving notes of the Last Post sounded by two trumpeters, resounded among the woods and vales of the beautiful cemetery.

Floral Tributes

Among the floral tributes were wreaths from Officer Commanding and Staff, No. 2 Military District; Sergeant's Mess, No. 2 District; Minister and Council of National Defence and other ranks at National Defence Headquarters; Brig. Gen and Mrs. A. H. Bell, Royal Canadian Dragoons, officers and men; Sergeants R.C.D.'s, Canadian Military Institute, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rhoades, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ruddy, Toronto Hunt Club, Toronto Garrison Military Tournament Committee, Lt.-Col. Streight, M.C., and officers G.G.B.G.; Streetsville Overseas Veterans.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

(By F. J. Dee.)

Stately of step, slowly they come,
Hark to the slow steady roll of the
drum,
All arms reversed, butts shining

bright,
Someone is "Struck Off" in Orders to-night.
Look at the gun team, handsome and proud,
See the uncovered heads of the crowd,
Hear the grand strain of the "Dead March in Saul"
A Soldier has gone to the last sleep of all.

Drums rolling slowly, step by the left,
Somewhere a wife, or sweetheart's bereft,
The gun carriage passes and men's eyes grow damp,
Someone is going to his final Rest Camp.
Lightly he sleeps, neath the old Union Jack,
The troop horse behind, that he'll never more back,
See the boots in the irons the wrong way about,
One more gallant Soldier has stepped down and out.

The "Last Post" is sounding, the valleys ring clear,
The final farewell of The Regiment so dear
To the war worn Soldier asleep in his grave,
And Someone is trying her best to be brave.
Sleep Soldier, sleep, and may you find peace
Where campaigns are over, and Man's troubles cease,
And when the Great Commandant orders to "Rally,"
May you be in line at that glorious "Reveille."

General Lessard Was Brilliant Cavalry Leader.

Won Fame in South African Campaign and Established Reputation as a Great Soldier.

Major General Francois Louis Lessard C.B., took his place in Canadian military history as one of its greatest figures. A splendid horseman, a skilful swordsman and a dashing leader of mounted troops, he was the beau ideal of a cavalryman, and throughout his long and honorable career his chief ambition was to bring the mounted branch of the Canadian service to an efficiency which would challenge comparison with any similar force in the world. The Royal Canadian Dragoons to this day bears the imprint of his skilful hand, for, during his tenure of the command, he fashioned this corps

into one of the most efficient mounted units in the British Empire, testimony to which fact was given by one of our Governors-General, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, himself a soldier of established repute.

Born in Quebec on December 9, 1860, the son of the late Louis Lessard, Ste. Foye road, he received his education in the ancient capital and entered commercial life in his nineteenth year. But the army beckoned to him ere he had attained his twentieth birthday and he forsook commercial pursuits in order to take a course at the old Garrison Artillery School the Quebec citadel.

In Artillery First

Pursuing his military studies with avidity, he passed his examinations with credit, and on April 8, 1880 he was appointed to a second lieutenancy in the artillery. A year latter he was promoted lieutenant. In 1884, on moving to Montreal, he became identified with the 65th regiment of infantry, but foot soldiering did not appeal to the young Quebecer, who, shortly after his admission to the 65th obtained permission to take a course at the Canadian School of Cavalry, then established at Quebec. It was with this unit that he gained this first glimpse of active service, serving with it in the Northwest Rebellion.

A brevet captaincy came to him in 1888, and six years later he was promoted major gazetted to the Royal Canadian Dragoons. His subsequent career is indelibly bound up with that famous corps, for he rose to its command in 1898, led it in the South African campaign, and on return to Canada remained in command until May 1907.

Splendid S.A. Record

General Lessard's record in South Africa was an outstanding one, and the force which he commanded earned the hearty commendations of the various generals under which it operated and of the British War Office. Originally the Canadian Government had authorized a first battalion of mounted rifles to consist of 2 squadrons, but the officers, non-coms and men who enlisted were largely members of the R.C.D.'s, and as result the name of the unit, which first had been designated the 1st C.M.R. was changed to the Royal Canadian Dragoons. This was brought about on the special plea of General Lessard to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

The General previously had been appointed to a position on the headquarters staff of Lord Roberts leaving Canada on the Sardinian several weeks before the unit which he was subsequently to lead embarked at Halifax. But when the Dragoons arrived at Cape Town in March, 1900, he was on hand to greet them and assumed command.

At Vet River

Practically their first testing under active service conditions was in the advance from Bloemfontein on Pretoria at the Vet River, where the Boers held a strong position. With General Lessard in command the corps was given the ticklish task of drawing the enemy's fire in order that his position and strength might be determined. As the thin line of horsemen swept on to the tree-fringed river, the enemy suddenly smote. Advance would have to be stayed for the arrival of the infantry and guns, but General Lessard determined to push on, and led his command at a stretch gallop to the river banks.

It was his intention to cross the swollen stream and seize a high ridge from which the Boer position could be enfiladed. But it was no easy task to reach the other side under the galling fire of the enemy and so he called for volunteers.

The regiment came forward as one man; but eventually Lieut. Turner, now General Turner, V.C., and five troopers were assigned the task of swimming the turbulent flood and holding the high ground until the rest could cross. This was carried out, and in a little while the remainder of the dragoons made their way across and assisted in driving the Boers from their position.

Commanded Rear-Guard

But it was a Lilliefontein in November of the same year that General Lessard displayed his skill as a cavalry leader for to him was assigned the most difficult role in modern warfare—the command of a rear-guard with a mobile enemy pressing hard on his heels. And it was in this engagement that he drew from General Smith-Dorrien, supreme commander of the hard-pressed British force, at that time greatly outnumbered by the Boers, the following encomium in his despatch to the Commander-in-Chief.

"I desire to bring to notice the conduct of Colonel Lessard, Royal Canadian Dragoons, for the ability with which he commanded the rear-guard on Nov. 8. Had he not shown great personal brav-

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ery, in addition to skill, I am doubtful if he would have been able to have covered the retreat of the section of guns of the rear guard."

Recommended for V.C.

Colonel Lessard's conduct on this occasion secured for him a recommendation for the Victoria Cross, the most coveted distinction in the British Army, but he failed to receive it because, so it has since been stated, the despatch did not make specific mention of an individual act of his in this particular engagement.

Received C.B.

For his services with the R.C.D.'s in the South African War, General Lessard was made a military companion of the Most Hon. Order of the Bath, and received the Queen's medal with five clasps. He brought the regiment back to Canada in January 1901 and retained command until 1907, when he was appointed Adjutant-General of the Canadian forces. In December, 1912, General Lessard was given the command of the 2nd military district, with headquarters at Toronto, and due to his energy and example the various mili-

tary units in this area reached a high state of efficiency.

Ignored by Sam Hughes

When the Great War came in August, the eyes of all military men were focussed on General Lessard who it was universally believed would be appointed to a high command in the Canadian expeditionary force which the late Sir Sam Hughes was assembling at Valcartier. But despite his splendid record, despite the fact that the Quebec born officer had the confidence of every Canadian militia officer and man and notwithstanding that the general's high rank in the military forces of Canada entitled him to premier consideration, the Minister of Militia passed him and selected a junior officer for the task of commanding the first force which Canada sent to England.

That it was a bitter blow to General Lessard is an open secret, but good soldier that he was he refused to make any comment and energetically carried on with the duties of his new office—that of Inspector-General of the forces in Canada.

Made Honorary Colonel

General Lessard retired from the

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Johns, P.Q.

Inspector-Generalship of the Canadian forces in May, 1919 and since then has been living at his farm at Meadowvale. Two years after his retirement he was created honorary colonel of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, an appointment which gave him more pleasure than any he had received during his long period of military service.

Judged at Horse Shows

In late years, the general was in great request as a judge at the leading horse shows in Ontario and Quebec, for he had a profound knowledge of the horse. Particularly, he shone in adjudging competitions wherein police or soldiers provided the contention, and only those who submitted to his inspection on such occasions know how thoroughly it was carried out.

The late Lord Roberts had a great affection and a profound respect for General Lessard.

Faced Death Undismayed

Invariably cheerful of mien, General Lessard received the news that he was suffering from an incurable ailment with characteristic imperturbability. As soon as an operation had disclosed this fact to the surgeons and they had told their distinguished patient, he announced that he would carry on as long as he could walk. And so after his operation wounds had healed he returned to his home at Meadowvale and went about his business as though he had not a care in the world.

The late General was married to Miss Florence Lee, member of an old Quebec Family, who predeceased him several years ago. He is survived by three daughters.

THE MENIN GATE.

Lord Plumer has just unveiled a memorial arch at the Menin Gate at Ypres to the 56,000 soldiers who fell in the Salient and were interred in nameless graves. The name conjure up memories of the past! Though the Lille Gate may be better known to Canadians the Menin Gate was the main gate to the line. How many hundreds of thousands of troops passed here in darkness! How many thousands of limbers and wagons rumbled through on their nightly tasks! How many ambulances came back: how many "walking wounded" staggered through the ramparts of the mediaeval city! The Canadians served a long apprenticeship in the Salient. The first

great triumph of their arms was gained here. They lost heavily both in battle and in trench warfare. The names of 7,025 Canadians are among the 56,000 dead in the memorial arch. The Menin Gate is part of Canada's history.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO

The Horse Show at Fort Sheridan, Ill., will take place on July 15th and 16th and is eagerly being looked forward to. The Officers at this beautiful post, run their annual Horse Show in such a manner as to leave every Exhibitor and Spectator at the conclusion, eagerly awaiting the renewal the following year. From the Spur and Saddle Club, Mrs. T. J. Rider Jr., will ride "Nelda Dare," who since her triumph at Lansing, Mich., has added to her laurels by winning the Ladies Five Gaited Class at Oak Park, Ill., and second place in the Open Class, against keen competition. S. O. Johnston will show "Loretta D" winner of third place at Oak Park, and "Fire Cracker," while Major Nordheimer will show his Polo Pony "Ming-Toy" in the Polo Pony Classes.

Owing to the increased Army Ration Allowance for the United States, effective July 1st, 1927, the "Doughboy" will now be able to partake of an assortment of culinary morsels more in keeping with a hotel menu, than an every day Barrack meal. The following is a sample of a days menu at Fort Sheridan, Ill., under the new ration allowance.

Breakfast

Oranges	Cereals
Ham Omelette	Fried Potatoes
Jelly	Bread Butter
Fresh Milk	Coffee

Dinner

Sausage, Mashed Potatoes	
Apple Sauce	Gravy
Green Corn	
Combination Salad, Mayonnaise	
Peach Pie, Bread, Butter,	
Lemonade	

Supper

Assorted Cold Meats	
Potato and Celery Salad	
Sliced Cheese, Apple Sauce	
Cake with Icing	
Roll Butter, Ice Tea	

In case this menu makes the members of the Men's Mess green with envy, it should be remembered that where "Lemonade" and "Iced Tea" are served, one needs

heavy compensation in the way of food. There might be a good chance for a sale of the famous N.D.H.Q. of Brand "Apple Sauce" as this item is served often on the menu, but is much inferior to the afore quoted world renowned brand.

The New Model Cavalry.

The old men dream dreams and the young men see visions. As in the days of the ancients so to-day—the old men dream their dreams and the young men see their visions.

The old men dream of the days when cavalry was the "Queen of the Battlefields." Sole bearers of information about the enemy; protectors of the slow-moving columns; a galloping mass of horsemen harassing the enemy in his retirement and turning retreat into rout. A corps highly admired by other arms; deeply respected by other nations.

The young men's visions are of armourclad cavalry. Miniature tanks sweeping line after line across country, spitting fire from some death-dealing automatic weapon. Close in support, some more heavily-armed monster infantry in mechanical conveyances, and mechanized artillery, all bumping and lurching their way across some fire-swept battlefield.

Which of these are right?

The old men's dreams are gone; the young men's visions may never materialize.

Probably a combination of the two is the solution.

Cavalry, since the war, has undergone continuous criticism, both reasonable and unreasonable, sound and unsound. It has undergone the most vigorous test peace training could devise, and it appears to have survived.

A middle course, a combination of the old and the new, a new cavalry—in fact, a new weapon based on these tests and criticism is about to be forged. It will be a weapon full of life its area of reconnaissance made greater; its powers of resistance and its punch increased. It will be malleable and possess elasticity: at times it will be a solid fighting unit at other times scattered for reconnaissance.

It is now our duty to learn how to handle this new weapon and study its characteristics, for, in the hands of a capable commander, it should prove itself extremely efficient.

The present-day cavalry is being completely remodelled.

From the reorganization one fact appears to emerge. Mechanism instead of making an end of the horseman, has opened up to him possibilities never dreamt of before.

Mechanical transport has relieved the horse of all unnecessary weight, and given him increased marching power. It has enabled more S.A.A. to be carried to increase the fire power.

Mechanized machine guns have increased the mobility of the main bulk of the fire and given us a new weapon with its mobility increased and its hitting power doubled.

Our sabre squadrons are now very similar to those famous horsemen of the American Civil War, who were renowned for their mobility, reconnoitring abilities and surprise appearances in front of the enemy. Our horsemen have the added advantage of enormous fire support from machine guns. When we think of the performances of the Federal and Confederate cavalry in those days, in spite of the blunders which their commanders sometimes committed we may surely be permitted to visualize a future for our new model cavalry.

The mechanical side of our Army is as yet young, but it will improve by leaps and bounds. It has replaced the horse on the lines of communication and to a great extent in the artillery. Can anyone say that for years to come it will be able to replace the cavalry patrol on reconnaissance, where silence and secrecy are essential?—or the cavalry regiment on protective duties?

Does the mechanical force possess the element of surprise? And, lastly, shall we never have an anti-tank weapon?

The horse and machine will assist each other; but the one without the other would be helpless.

So take heart you pessimists, who think the days of the cavalry are gone. Think, rather, that the days of "foot slogging" are numbered.

G.L.W.

"How old are you?" inquired the visitor of his host's little son.

"That is a difficult question," answered the young man removing his spectacles and wiping them reflectively. "The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be twelve my moral age four, my anatomical age seven, and my physiological age six. I suppose, however, that you refer to my chronological age, which is eight. That is sold fash ioned that I seldom think of it."

ROYAL ESCORT

A party consisting of two officers, eighteen other ranks and eighteen horses, under the command of Major R. S Timmis, D.S.O., the other officer being Capt. G. F. Berteau, left St. Johns, P.Q., on Friday, August 29th to act as an escort for H.R.H., The Prince of Wales in Quebec City.

On Saturday morning we escorted the Prince from the King's Wharf to Spencer Wood—the official residence of the Lieut.-Governor-General of the Province. The streets en route were lined by densely-packed masses of cheering citizens, who gave the Prince a very cordial welcome. Before dismissing the escort H.R.H. was pleased to compliment Major Timmis on the splendid turn-out of men and horses. Many of the senior officers of M.D. No. 5 also congratulated the O.C. on the splendid showing made by the escort.

We entrained on Sunday for Montreal and escorted the Prince on Monday morning from the Ritz-Carlton to the City Hall. The reception accorded H.R.H. in Montreal was even more wonderful and spontaneous than that of Quebec. We left Montreal on Monday afternoon, arriving at St. Johns 6.30 p.m. where we detrained and made ready for Petawawa Camp, as we had to leave for camp at 9.30 p.m.

It will be seen that the escort had quite a programme to fulfill, but owing to the hearty co-operation of all ranks, everything went off smoothly and efficiently. During our stay in Montreal we were quartered at the Wilhelmina Hotel on Mountain Street. The proprietor and staff were untiring in their effort to make things comfortable for all members of the escort.

Wifie's evening Off.

Coperscope had arrived home tired and hungry but the beds had not been made and neither was there the faintest sign of any dinner. Presently he surprised his wife reading a novel in the drawing-room.

"Do you mean to say that dinner isn't ready?" he said, with dangerous calm. "Very well, I'm going back to town to dine at the Criterion!"

"Just wait five minutes," replied his wife, throwing aside her book.

"Will it be ready then?" he queried hopefully.

"No," was the cheerful answer. "But I'll come along with you."

Veterans of '46

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UNHEARD OF OCCURENCES

Trooper Lomas getting the "stick."

Titch Travers winning at Bridge.

L/Cpl. Ross missing a dance.

Jimmy Omelusk refusing an invitation or Sgt. Sheehy issuing one.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

How much Tommy Howe got for his car.

Why Teddy Harrington is so quiet these days.

How long it took the tailor to get his iron hot.

What the canteen looks like these days.

How many times we've heard the expression "I'd like to have one of Bill Hargreaves' John Collins just about now."

When we're going back.

The N.C.O. who was lost on Tuesday the 10th.

The Pampered Prisoner

The tramp had asked for a dry crust and when the lady of the house gave him a piece of meat-pie his joy knew no bounds.

"My poor fellow," remark the woman. "You look as though you'd seen better days."

"That I 'ave mum," answered the tramp shovelling about one cubic foot of pie in his mouth. "Once I dwelt in marble halls."

"And how did you manage to lose such a splendid home?" was her next question.

"Oh, replied the wayfarer, "the sentence ran out in the end."

They were discussing insomnia. It was suggested that a glass of Scotch whisky every half-hour was an excellent remedy.

"Will that cure it?" said the victim.

"No," replied the other, "but it makes it a pleasure to stay awake."

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"FINE SIGHTS"

Now I've soldiered quite a while, pretty nearly twenty years,
And there's lots of chaps with more time in than me.
And in any bunch of Tommies you'll find some nice careers,
When they start to yarn of old times, you'll agree
They've been in various stampedes of a variegated hue,
They've seen some most extraordinary sights,
But like ordinary humans, men for instance, just like you
They dream of what they'd like to see at nights.

Oh! I'd like to see the R.S.M. learning to salute,
Or the Riding Master with his stirrups crossed,
I'd like to give the Bandmaster lessons on the flute,
Or take the O.C. scouts, and get him lost.
I'd love to see a Squadron Sergeant Major on fatigue,
In the Q.M.'s stores like any other man,
Or the Adjutant a sweating, on the square, at picking weeds,
Just imagine all those fine sights, if you can.

What constitutes a fine sight, is an old "part worn" term
Much abused by all experts in musketry.
I've sat and listened to 'em, and tried my best to learn
The reason why 't was such a mystery,
Where the ruddy bullet goes to when it don't land anywhere,
And often I would fall asleep and dream,
And when they'd rudely waken me and bring me to myself,
I'd sure remember some such thrilling scene.

As a Musketry Instructor being shown how to aim,
Or fire a rifle pointing wrong end to
Or being on manoeuvres, with a half trained Irish horse,
Just like an ordinary Tommy has to do.
I'd like to see the officer in charge of our range
A doing of 'is best to make a bull,
With a Sergeant Major blinding 'im, 't would be a glorious
change,
Then I think my cup of joy would be full.

I could go on thus for ever, of the things I'd like to see,
But I know they can't be thought off, so I'll quit
But 't would surely give me pleasure, could I catch our old O.C.
A holding down a Waac who'd had a fit.
Then if I could see the Doctor, with 'is blooming "number nines,"
Suffering with a quiney on 'is nose,
I'd say "You're fit for duty, so you can carry on,
And Sergeant, give 'im three, before 'e goes."

Oh! I'd like to see the Quarter-bloke a scrubbing out the clink,
With his Quartermaster Sergeant helping too,
And 't would do an awful good I sure begin to think,
To see the Farrier Major turning blue,
If 'e ever got an order to set to and groom a horse,
Like an ordinary Tommy 'as to every day.
That's a few "fine sights" I'd like to see, but realise of course,
That they WONT be seen,—in this life anyway.

R. J. Dee

TROOPING THE COLOR

(F. J. Dee.)

Given a fine morning, for the ceremony many thousands of London's leisured classes assemble on Horse Guards Parade to witness one of the finest sight to be seen anywhere.

No city in the world can show such a wonderful picture as no others could perform a ceremonial that requires such absolute precision as that attained by His Ma-

esty's Brigade of Guards, on this occasion.

As a spectacle it is unique, as an ordeal for all actively concerned in it, it is unsurpassed. Every young soldier, should the day be he thinks of the stories the older men have told him about the numbers they have seen collapse under the strain of this particular parade, and wonders if he will be able to "stick it out." The Sergeant-Major wonders if he will get through the unfamiliar movements of "drawing," saluting with, and

"returning" his sword without fault, as this is the only parade upon which an infantry Sergeant-Major's blade sees daylight. Surely a parade that the "Regimental" fears is epic. Company officers and Battalion Commanders are more than usually "windy" about their particular units for any lack of cohesion, suspicion of slowness, or the least loss of dignity is fatal upon this, of all parades. The Adjutant is positively bristling with nerves despite his D.S.O., and the mood communicates itself to his charger, usually a most self-contained animal, and all that an infantry adjutant's horse should be.

As to the Colour itself. In passing I may mention here that upon the occasion of His Majesty's birthday, only the King's Colour is trooped, both colours only being trooped, as a rule, at the presentation of new Colours, when the old ones are thus honoured. After years in the Service one finds it hard to convey exactly the sentiment attached to either Colour, be it the King's or the Regimental. More than "esprit de corps," not much less than religion—indeed nothing less—inspires the feeling of reverence which any soldier holds towards the Colours, and it is inspiring to notice, since the days of the Great War, how this same reverence has spread to civilian circles, as witness the way in which all men remove their hats when the Colours pass.

The crowd alone is a wonderful spectacle, and one notices that the Metropolitan Police have honoured the occasion by appearing in all the glory of tunics, medals and white gloves. It is a matter for congratulation that the order of dress for this year's ceremony forbid khaki to officers appearing in uniform, as this will increase the brilliance of the scene. Many distinguished officers, still on the active list, or retired, will be present ablaze with decorations and orders. Blue and Scarlet uniforms of the Navy and Army, the light blue of the Royal Air Force, will intermingle with here and there the striking kit of perhaps a foreign, or an Indian potentate. Such a sight will delight the eye, and help us to forget the dismal fact that the official clothing of our splendid Army, with the exception of the Household troops is "service dress." May we be permitted to hope that some day the whole of the Service will be given a kit, which, if not as magnificent as in pre-war days will be at least suitable for wear on such occasions as this.

The National Anthem proclaims

the arrival of His Majesty, accompanied by his son "Our Prince" and followed by a large and brilliant staff, composed of the Head-quarter Staff and the foreign military attaches. His Majesty takes post at the saluting point and the ceremony proceeds.

Note the precision as the officers "slow march" across the parade ground to their posts in front of their respective companies.

See the stately passing of the King's Colour down the line of absolute immobility. As steady as though under fire stand the Guards Brigade. Hark to the massed bands, at their best.

The escort and Colour form up on the right of the line, and then the whole parade marches past.

Brigade of Guards! Nothing like 'em! Words cannot express the delight of the scene to a soldier's eye, and a critical eye at that. Civilians cannot talk about it, at the moment. Foreigners gasp. Our American cousins can get no further than a mightily expressive, "Say!"

No amount of writing or talking can convey the sense of Discipline, Training, and above all Tradition created by this spectacle. It has to be seen.

At the conclusion of the march past there is a rush to see the progress of His Majesty back to Buckingham Palace, and on all sides one heard congratulatory remarks, and perhaps a little criticism from men who look as though they know whereof they speak, but as the strain of the bands die away in the distance, one is glad to have seen once more such a splendid celebration of the birthday of His Majesty the King.

The great personage had paid his first official visit to the Indian prison, had noted with approval the excellent organization, and had interviewed many of the convicts.

Before leaving, however, he remarked to the native Governor, "There is one thing I cannot understand. All the convicts appear contented and happy—except one. That is the man I spoke to last."

"Ah," replied the Governor, "I should have explained before hand. That is Lapat Rab. He is to be hanged to-morrow. And he is innocent. That's what makes him peevish."

"Who is the responsible man in this firm?" asked the calter.

"I don't know who's the responsible man, sir," said the the office-boy, "But I always get the blame."

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Some Recollections of Service With the Imperials.

By Brigadier-General Charles F. Winter, R. of O.

(In the Canadian Defence Quarterly)

(Continued)

At the period now referred to most of the Yeomen were veterans of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny Campaigns, with a sprinkling of participants of Sobraon Aliwal, and Chillianwallah. The last survivor of Waterloo had passed on some years previous, but the dozen of the corps at the time of our units arrival was a well preserved old boy of some 82 years, who prided himself upon having done sentry-go' at Longwood, St. Helena, on the night of the Emperor Napoleon's death there on 5th May, 1821. We called him "The Last, Sentry" and upon those rare occasions when the old man visited the mess and could be induced to tell of his early military service, we used to take delight in getting him to talk about the Emperor in captivity. As a matter of fact there was not much to tell; the Emperor had not been seen by any of the troops for some time before his death, and at the time nothing was thought of it, but years afterwards when the Great Soldier's remains were removed from the island to their present resting place in Paris, the fact that our old warrior had been the last sentry over the nation's greatest prisoner while he yet lived became a matter of interest and something to be talked about among his soldier comrades. So that while his services in other respects were deserving and not undistinguished, he finally became known as "The Last Sentry" on account of this chance guard duty of his early youth.

Visitors to the Tower will recall these elderly bemedalled men in their quaint uniforms of the Seventh Henry—four hundred years ago—and how well they seem to complement the ancient fortress with its reminders of the dim and distant past. An epitome of their services at any time would quite accurately represent the history of the British Army for the best part of the previous century. That they take their duties quite seriously was brought home forcibly to the Royal Fusiliers on the very first night of our residence at the Tower. It

was a wet and stormy night and the Yeoman Porter on duty at the ceremony of 'the Keys' being somewhat deaf, did not hear the prescribed response of the Main Guard's "Amen" to his pious expression "God bless and preserve Queen Victoria," and forthwith reported to the Constable of the Tower—a General Officer of much distinction—that the new regiment had failed to pay due respect to Her Majesty, with the result that the officer and n.c.o.'s. of the Guard came in for a stiff wagging from the C.O. in orderly room next morning!

In view of the above, it was with quite special interest that when years later, during the South African War 1899-1902, I was privileged to go to St Helena with a convoy of Boer prisoners of war, and visited Longwood, Napoleon's tomb, etc., I was able to see for myself the site of the "Last Sentry's" humble experiences in association with the great personage whose name will forever give distinction to that lonely island of the South Atlantic.

Long since, of course, the "Last Sentry" has also passed on, his place taken no doubt by others with stirring memories of Mons and countless other episodes of the Great War which the old Tower, grim and murky, makes its own for the inspiration and education of the Empire's defenders of the future.

Some Incidents in One of the Pursuits of General De Wet, South Africa, 1900.

(After the occupation of Pretoria by Lord Roberts' main Army and the dispersion of the Government of the South African Republic and flight of its President, the Boers resorted to guerilla warfare in the hope of wearing out the British by repeated assaults upon their long lines of communications and constant worrying by small forces operating all over the country. To meet these conditions the British forces were split up into numerous (so called) mobile columns, operating more or less independently out under the control and direction of the Chief of Staff at Pretoria. The most troublesome and subtle of the Boer leaders in these operations was General Christian De Wet, of the Orange Free State, one of the early pursuers of whom is described in the following "Recollections".)

It was a mid-afternoon in the latter part of July, 1900 as a column of British troops of all arms moved across the veldt through the north-western portion of the Orange Free State, jaded and weary in the constant effort to keep up with the retiring Boer force ahead of them under the celebrated De Wet, whom the advanced cavalry always reported as just a little way in front, and who yet, like

a phantom "will-the-wisp," always evaded capture.

The sun blazed down in all his glory, turning the veldt for the time being into a veritable "hot and fiery furnace" for the plodding infantry and the toiling mules of their regimental transport and the train, all smothered in a cloud of dust that rendered life well-nigh unbearable. A sudden order about a week previous had carried the "Royal Canadians" from garrison duty at Springs in the Transvaal to Velverdien, a point on the railway some distance north of Kroonstad in the Free State, to form part of a "mobile" column under Major-General Fitzroy Hart, V.C., who had been directed by Lord Kitchener to co-operate with certain other columns north of the Vaal in the attempt to head off De Wet's raiders, bring them to action, and capture them if at all possible. "Easier said than done," for this was especially a job for the mounted troops and horse gunners, had we had enough of them, but as the great bulk of the British Army in Africa at this time was made up of footmen, the operating columns had perforce to be composed largely of this element. This naturally tied down our columns to the rate of advance of tired infantry and gave the Boers, who were all mounted, and had usually spare horses to boot, a very great advantage which they very properly utilized to the full.

On this particular occasion, after an especially hot and trying day, the cavalry reported the enemy only some five miles in front and held up at the Lindequee crossing of the Vaal by one of our Transvaal columns. This was enough to spur everyone to increased exertions and the march was pushed on long after the usual bivouacking hour and well into the dark, but no sign of the enemy was seen by the weary infantry, who bivouacked within a couple of miles of Lindequee in the hope that a "brush" with their opponents would be the luck of the early morning next day. In this, however we were disappointed as the first streaks of dawn revealed our enemy disappearing in the distance, having with his usual "slimness" negotiated a drift farther down stream during the night without disturbing our outposts, and with his great mobility he was soon safely away. Our column at once followed into the Transvaal and had lots of fun fording the Vaal, which here was shallow with mossy rocks and little islets dividing up its 300 yards of width. Most of us took off boots, puttees, and bree-

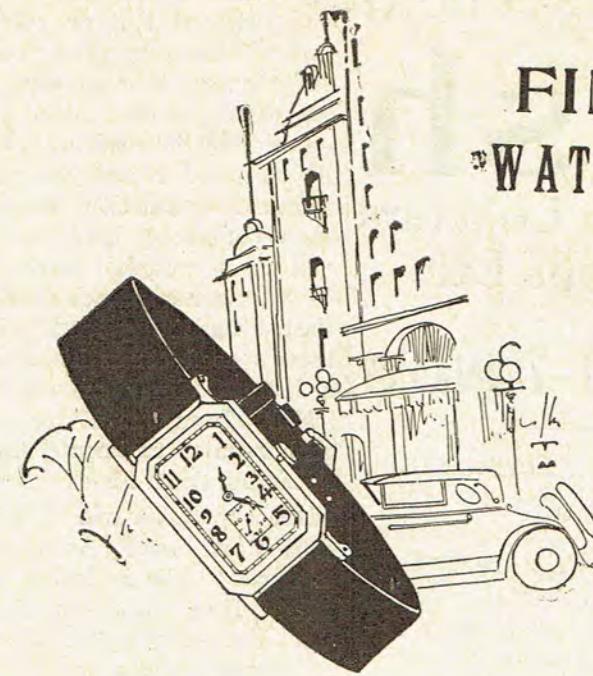
ches to make the passage in the good old-fashioned way. But the rocks and shoals were very slippery, and as it was necessary to carry rifle, kit, etc., above the head, it became very difficult at times to keep one's feet, and many were the "spills" and consequent ducking that ensued, to the no small amusement and laughter of their comrades. One such incident caused merriment among our men of the "Royal Canadians." Following us at the crossing was a certain Imperial regular regiment, which shall be nameless, but which had for its Senior Major a very pompous individual, whose horse for some reason refused to enter the water. The Major dismounted to cross on foot, assisted by his batman in heavy marching order. Both disdained to remove any clothing but essayed to cross by jumping from rock to rock and wading the gentle shoals near the banks. This was all right till they got to about the middle of the stream where the water stretches were wider and much deeper. Here both came to grief and had to be hauled out by comrades near by—the pompous Major in a particularly ignominious manner. Of course, this caused much laughter among the Canadians on the bank where they were putting on their boots and breeches after crossing. This put the unlucky Major in a towering rage, and as he had lost a pet carbine in his faux pas at the drift, he was fairly bursting with fury on being laughed at by the "Colonials," and tried to find our Colonel to report the men (and officers) who had dared to laugh at him while in such a humiliating position. This of course only increased the hilarity, but in a few minutes we moved on, leaving our irritated friend to compose his offended dignity, while the band of another regiment floundered through the drift—with French horns and big basses occasionally disappearing in the stream and affording no end of musement to those who had already reached the north bank in safety. "Fancy trying to catch De Wet with a Brass Band" was one of the caustic remarks from the Canadians, as we moved on in one of those intermediate marches that seemed so endless and were usually so fruitless, so far as regimental officers and n.c.o.'s and men of the pursuing columns could discover.*

*Many years later I was reminded of the incident of the indignant Major when reading the racy reminiscences of the late Lord Fisher. In some combined exercises in the Mediterranean, where the old Admiral

was Naval C-in-C., troops had to be embarked on warships and subsequently disembarked in exceedingly quick time. At the disembarkation each boat was allowed so many minutes, and no more, in which to take on its load of soldiers from the ships, row to shore and land the men. Admiral Fisher was on the beach watching the proceedings when a wet and very excited Major rushed up to him and complained that a bluejacket had unceremoniously dumped him out of the boat into the shallow water at the shore, with the remark, "Out of this you blooming lobster. If you're not on shore in two seconds I'll be 'ung.'" "And by G—," said Fisher to the Major, "if you hadn't been, he would have been 'ung', too."

Two or three days steady marching over sun-baked country, with little water, followed, and as we drew near to Rustenberg everyone was pretty well "fed up" and tired out. On one of these days the writer was doing duty with the rear-guard and had charge of the very last section, with files spread out to right and left with instructions to sweep up everything that dallied or straggled behind and which it was desirable to keep with the column. It was a blazing hot afternoon and occasionally the Boer horsemen following in our wake to pick up anything they could, had been seen topping the rising ground a mile or so in rear and then disappearing as the terrain hid them from view until they would show up again on surmounting the next rise. They were not numerous, only one or two here and there, but we well knew what it meant to any khaki-clad individual who was left behind. The usual Boer procedure in such cases was to strip our men to their drawers, and then send them adrift to find their way as best they could to their own people. In one's bare feet, nearly naked, and with the cold nights on the veldt this was no joke and many poor fellows suffered terribly.

Crossing over to the left of the main trail of our advance—some three hundred yards or so—to see how my flankers on that side were extended, I came across a little hollow or dip in the ground—quite frequently to be met with on the veldt, where to my surprise three men in khaki were lying sound asleep, huddled up in their marching kit, with rifles besides them. By the green buttons on the tops of their helmets I knew them to be members of one of the Irish regiments of the Natal Army which had come up with our column commander, Major-General Fitzroy Hart. One of the three wore the stripes of a corporal and stirring him up with my foot I ordered him to get up and move on with his men as I was the last of the rear-guard now passing and in few minutes they



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would be left entirely behind. The men really looked much exhausted and their footwear as well as their feet were in very bad condition. Raising himself with an effort and looking about in a dazed sort of way, the Corporal said he and his men were utterly done up—they had marched 800 miles straight off since leaving Ladysmith in Natal and were "fed up" with the whole business, and felt they must have a rest. I again pointed out that my men, now fast disappearing in front were the very last of the rear-guard and that the Boer raiders were following close behind to pick up stragglers, etc.; that they (the Boers) would get them and turn them out naked in the cold night air and that they had better come on quick with me now before it was too late. I could not, however, get them to budge; the men said they had rifles and ammunition and could defend themselves, and after resting would be able to crawl on to our bivouac during the night. Finally, the Corporal seized his rifle in a threatening manner and said to me:—

"Lieutenant, you go on—we will stay here—I have marched 800 miles, and Hell cannot be any worse than this!". I saw they were quite determined, even to threatening me with their rifles and as

I was alone and had no means of enforcing my orders, and my section of the rear-guard being almost out of sight I hastened off to rejoin them, leaving the Irishmen to their fate. On reaching bivouac, something over an hour later, I reported the incident, but never heard anything more of the stragglers. We moved on early next morning and whether they rejoined during the night in time to go on with us, or were picked up by the Boers, we never heard. This was one of the little mysteries of the South African veldt—that vast expanse which from time immemorial has had so many disappearances that have never been accounted for.

During the next day or two the march became even more trying and the horses of our cavalry and mounted infantry showed signs of terrible suffering. We had previously seen many animals of the mounted troops in more or less distress, but we now began to pass many dead and dying horses along the road. At one place for some distance there seemed to be a dead animal for every hundred yards. It was all very pitiful, and testified to the strenuous nature of the pursuit and the terrific strain imposed upon the horses, which under the heavy weight of

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our mounted kit and the long marches without rest or relief, had broken down in great numbers. A little farther on we were witnesses of a pathetic incident. On one side of the road lay a horse of the mounted infantry in the last stages of exhaustion, gasping out his life in great gulps of bloody foam and whose eyes, fast glazing, showed the near approach of the end. Seated on the ground, with the horse's head across his knees was a little Cockney private of the "M.I." from one of the old English regular regiments, the tears streaming down his cheeks and his whole expression one of utter dejection and woe. As we stopped to speak to him he looked up and said: "Poor old fellow! I cannot shoot him—my Captain allowed me to drop out and stay behind with him for a few minutes till he pegs out—we have been such pals, and he has carried me everywhere over this bloody country since the beginning of the war—I do feel so bad about him." We all felt sorry for the little chap; it was typical, for the English mounted soldier dearly loves his horse and the men become much attached to them. This, however, is one of our national characteristics, for in no other army than the British, as a high foreign military authority has observed do you find that order in the drill book "make much of your horses." It is a high compliment to one of our English traits—a fondness for horses, dogs and other dumb animals.

The following day we ran into a very bad bit of country, the veldt grass had here grown very long and after the recent hot weather was much dried and withered. The Boers in front of us set fire to it and as the wind was from them towards us we had a very bad time of from the heat and the small flying sparks of cinders which, with the smoke, at times nearly blinded us, and caused pain and much irritation as the glowing particles stung the hands and face like needless. Conversing with our commanding officer as we trudged along over the burnt and blackened ground Colonel W. D. Otter (Now General Sir William Otter) asked me of what it reminded me, and I replied—"The march across the ice in Jackfish Bay, Lake Superior, sir, on Easter Day, 1885, when we were en route over one of the gaps in the then new C.P.R. to take part in the Northwest Canada Campaign of that year, only that instead of burning cinders it was sleet and ice that then caused much the same sensations as the present cinders." "The same thought had occurred

to me," said the colonel, "but I think I would prefer the cool freshness of our own land to this fiery furnace!"

That night on outpost duty the burning veldt gave us much concern and uneasiness. All sorts of fancy shapes would seem to float about in the reflected light as the fires spread along in all directions, dying down to a few embers or burning up fiercely at intervals while in imagination you fancied you saw men and horses moving and felt you should give the alarm. This is what wears men out—trying outpost work after a hard day's march—and leaves them too tired and exhausted to be of much use the following day. But still, the march had to be continued, with the ever elusive De Wet and his men just a few miles ahead.

(To be Continued)

"There, I've broken a mirror. That means seven year's bad luck."

"Don't be a pessimist. Perhaps you won't live seven years."

They're All Like That

Unwittingly, on their honeymoon she had said something that annoyed him.

"Oh, my darling." She cried, "I have hurt you!"

"No, dearest" he answered gravely. "The hurt I feel is due to the fact that I know it hurts you to think you've hurt me."

"Ah," returned the bride, "my hurt is because I know it hurts you to feel I have hurt myself by hurting you."

"No, no, my precious," cried the man fiercely.

"My hurt is because you're hurt over feeling that I am hurt because you think you have hurt me and therefore hurt yourself."

And here we will leave them. No doubt time will heal the wound.

He: "Would you mind telling me your age?"

She (ingenuously) "Not at all I am eighteen."

He: "Times what?"

REGIMENTAL DRILL

"Line of Squadron Column," hear the squadron leaders shout,
And see the first and third incline and start to gallop out.
Come along you rear troops, you've got to ride today,
For the whole Division's watching us, and I heard the Colonel say
I'll put 'em through it handsome, and show the blooming crowd,
What my Dragoons can do at Drill,"
So we've got to do him proud.

"Squadrons! Right Wheel into Line," don't crowd your centre
guide,
For we're the leading squadron now, sit down my lads and ride,
"Troops! Right Wheel" and there you are, pick up your dress
ing smart,

For we mustn't give the Major any cause to start
And call us all the names that he can think of when he's mad,
"Column of Troops" is sounding now, we didn't do that bad.
"Line to the Left" now steady lads, the old man's watching us,
And if we don't wheel swanky, he'll raise an awful fuss.
The dressing's by your centre, when you've brought 'em into
line,

The pace is getting kind of hot, and the horses feeling fine.
I thought so! see the Colonel's riding up to take the lead,
We're going to charge so sit down lads and ride, and watch
your speed.

"Draw Swords" it's sounding now, we'll make the whole Division
cheer

When they see the Old "Drags" charging, they'll realise the fear,
We put into old "Fritzy," when we rode the blighter down,
On once or two occasions when we took a chance we found.
We put the fear of God in him, he didn't stop for steel.
The trumpet's sounding "Charge! Engage!" and all ranks
cheer and feel—

That glorious moment when a man, don't want no better Death
Than to ride through Hell and back again, and as long as he
draws breath,

He'll ne'er forget a ride like that, the "Rally's" sounding now,
now,

D'ye hear the "Toeys" cheering us, aint it an awful row.
There young 'un, now you understand, or if you don't, you should
Why Cavalry's the only branch that's really any good,
For a man to put his time in with, they're sounding "March at
Ease."

So if you've got a fag me lad, I'll 'ave one if you please.

R. J. Dee

Soldiering.

(By F. W. Powell.)

(Continued)

We had quite a large number amongst us who showed no active dislike to beer and such things. Many of 'em shall make their bow before you as the occasion arises I've got 'em on my list and I'm sure they shant be missed. Look to yourselves, Shrimp, Walsh, Cox, Copeland and many more of you. You shall strut your stuff before a large audience unless you slay me before that time. You do not mind do you? You do? Sorry, but I've got to do it just the same. To waste so much humour would be a sin. The Sinn Feiners shall get it in the neck too. Must get even for that huge land-roller that crashed down the hill at LeMesge and missed my "Bivey" by a hair's breadth. Nobby too. You're there, my son. Why, even the officers have been known to take a drink now and again and the writer himself knows what it meant by the morning after the night before. What of it? Are any of us the worse for it? Not a scrap. There's

nothing better on earth than a drink or two to bring a party of dead men to life. An inebriated man possesses hundreds of accomplishments that would be denied the light of day if he remained stodgily sober. He forgets all about shyness and says and does just what is in his mind. Mind you I am not advocating the indiscriminate use of fermented juices. Perish the thought. Excess in anything is bad but an occasional drink, (very occasional, mind you) hurts nobody. Matter of fact it benefits for we find that men are not so bad after all once they can act naturally. How the O.T.A will fall down in adoration before me for these words of wisdom and understanding. It was a matter of pride amongst the old sweats to go down in the annals of the regiment as one who could get rid of gallons without the slightest effect upon their mentality.

Shrimpton rather gave himself airs over this accomplishment, and openly derided the younger recruits for their inability to drink like a man and get away with it. I side-kicked with Shrimp for many months although he never really forgave me for not being a S. African veteran. Before leaving Shrimp

here is one on him. It was after we had the horses back. The stable piequet was aroused from his slumbers among the forage by a curious shouting. Proceeding quietly in the direction of the noise he came upon Shrimp, (drunk) standing behind his own horse and with pathetic and noisy entreaty saying over and over again, "Come on, Shrapnel, Kick me. Kick me, come on." Shrapnel, being a wise old plug, did no such thing. Good head Shrimp. He and I had quite a time during the last August show when we acted as despatch riders. More of that non.

Freddie Cox can be numbered amongst the really great ones when it comes to the question of drinking. Wonder if he remembers the night in Woignarue when he excelled himself. French meant nothing to Freddie so he troubled not himself with attempting speech in that tongue. Quite a bunch of us, after being kicked out of the estaminet at 10 o'clock stormed the nearby Epiceries for eats. Freddie wanted a tin of rabbit. None was in sight so he had some time making the old girl in charge understand. This would be funny so those who knew French, left him to it. The woman could not under-

stand no matter how the request was shifted about. He must have discovered fifty ways of asking for a tin of rabbit. He got hotter and hotter and the woman more bewildered than ever. Suddenly inspiration came to him. He squatted down and on all fours hopped about the shop, exclaiming between hops, "You know, madam rabbit .. see, rabbit, jump like this, see rabbit .. R A B B I T." Still madam couldn't understand. We were doubled up with mirth as Freddie got more excited. Had not Eddie LeMaistre come to the rescue Freddie Cox would never have enjoyed tinned rabbit. As it happened she had none in stock and that ended that.

Sgt. Earnshaw, (for that's how I knew him) was in the ordinary class although most humorous when under the weather. On such occasions he had a hate against everything and everybody on earth. Lord, how that man could pray. Whop-ee. I'm no amateur, believe me, but not in it at all when Earnshaw let loose all he had. Then Bill Campbell was not at all bad. He, of course cannot remember Christmas night in Woignarue. To hear him and Charlie Warren holding forth on every subject under

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the sun, varying it with a burst of song, was as funny a thing as one could ever hope to see and hear. Now, all you chaps I have mentioned. Don't, for the love of Mike, jump up in the air and say I am taking a mean advantage. Some of you are so thin-skinned that I cannot do justice to myself or the other readers. Once I knew you would take these little things in the right spirit the telling would be simplified. I've always got to consider how the man mentioned will take it. The whole thing's a joke. If the joke is on you, laugh it off. I've mentioned this so often you should know it by heart. Still, you don't. I bear no ill feeling against any man who was or is in the regiment. I knock nobody. Am not built that way. If it comes to that nobody made so poor a showing as a soldier as the writer. How many times has the laugh been on my self? Ump teen, and then some. I am not apologizing for using your names. Just want you to take it in the right spirit. Don't be offended. I won't mention the really awful things that happened. Understand me. We are still friends? Yes? That's the stuff. Now we'll get on with it again.

When Winter Comes.

Just before Christmas the first of the C.M.R.'s came out to share in the picnic. Forget which Battalion. To familiarize themselves with active service conditions and before being given specific sections of the line to hold they came in with us the next time "up." By this time we considered ourselves veterans. I probably did the same myself but it was funny to see them crouching as they moved along the trench which, if nothing else, was nice and deep. Took 'em a long time to decide to stand upright. A couple were taken out to see what they thought of the listening post. Didn't think much of it apparently for they left without ceremony when a shell landed close up. Didn't even stop to take their rifles. These were of the genus, Ross. Right here did we see it was not exactly the right sort of weapon for this sort of war. Very pretty, very neat and very accurate but very useless. Think I've already mentioned the 15 rounds rapid we gave to the enemy in the early morning. With their Ross the C.M.R.'s joined in this exciting sport. Almost without exception one or both of these two things happened during this morning exercise. Either the bayonet parted company with the

rifle and flung itself over the parapet, or the bolt jammed and refused to carry on. The Lee Enfield isn't so bad, after all, is it?

The first day the C.M.R.'s "took over" on their own was disastrous. Experience is everything in trench warfare. Lack of it caused the death of very many that afternoon. This day at least Fritz scored on his regular display of "hate." The victims of inexperience were required to stand upon the firing step during the show. The lesson was learned although the price was high.

The Can. Cav. Bde. formed (for the time being) part of the 2nd Brigade, and the 5th and 8th completed it. These people did not take kindly to us after a regrettable incident. Each blamed the other. None knew just how it had taken place but there in front one saw a barrier erected across a road by the enemy some night or other. The 5th said we were slack. We said the C.M.R.'s were responsible. At any rate there stood this monument to slackness and none were proud of it. To demolish the thing the R.C.H.A. brought one of their guns right into the trench and succeeded in blowing it to B..

To be Continued

PRINCE IS PRINCE TITLE OR NO TITLE

"Movie". Cameramen Warm in Description of Royal Heir's Character

(By Associated Press)

Atlanta, July 22.—"You could take away his title leave it in the ash pile and he'd still be every bit a prince!" Thus Tracy Mathewson, Atlanta newsreel photographer spoke of the Prince of Wales as he boarded a train bound for Quebec.

Mathewson received word last night that he had been selected as the sole movie cameraman to be allowed to accompany the Prince on his visit to Canada, July 29. The Atlanta Cameraman was similarly designated to "shoot" the Prince in 1922 when the heir to the British Throne paid his second visit to Canada.

"He is one of the finest individuals I've ever known—and I've known a few in many countries during my 15 years as a newsreel photographer," said Mathewson. "Folks in this country have the wrong impression of him—he's not the rootin' tootin' gay young blade that the newspaper correspondents would have you believe."

"Work? That Prince is the hardest worker I've ever laid my eyes

on. I've travelled with circuses, with Woodrow Wilson and a lot of other celebrities in my time, but this Windsor lad has 'em all eclipsed—jumped off the train at every tank town, met the mayor, village marshal, shook hands with the squire, made a speech kissed a baby here and there and climbed back on the train just a smilin', while I was wheezin' like a woodburner on a steep grade.

"Another thing the average person does not tumble to is the way this Royal young man builds up goodwill for England in his rambles around the world. When he stops his automobile, climbs out and shake the hand of some old woman as he invariably does, he does it in a way that isn't cheap—like politicians' bunk. When you see him do it, why you know right away that you could take away his title and heave it in the ash pile and he'd still be every bit a prince."

No Trespassing

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, camp commander, came to the gate after "lights out" and demanded admission. The sentry objected.

"But, my dear man, you don't understand," expostulated the older woman. "We are the Berries."

"I don't care if you're the cat's whiskers," retorted the sentry. "You can't get in at this hour."

Decisive Enough

Irishman—You're a Canadian you were born in Canada.

Scotchman—No, sir. My mother and father were Scotch, so I'm Scotch.

Irishman—You were born in Canada. So you are a Canadian even if your parents were Scotch.

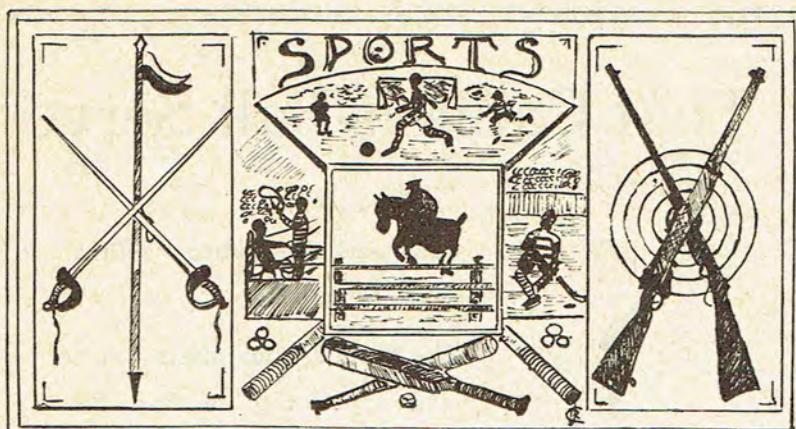
Scotchman (heatedly)—Well, if a cat had kittens in the oven would you call them biscuits?

"How long is it going to take us to get through this case?" asked the prisoner of his counsel just before the trial.

"Well," answered the barrister, "me—about three hours; you—about four years."

"I have come to ask you if you will subscribe to this deserving charity." "Certainly. I will give you a cheque now. Here you are."

"You have forgotten to sign it." "I know—I want to remain anonymous."



St. Johns, Que.

On Wednesday, July 27 the Garrison beat Hart Battery 4-0. We had the game well in hand from start to finish. It would be hard to single out any one player for special mention. The line-up was the same except that Major Timmis was on the left wing in place of Cornwall.

GARRISON vs. SINGERS

Wednesday, July, 20th,

The above heading is slightly misleading owing to the fact that Cpl. MacLean and Parker of the R.C.R. were unable to get away from Ottawa. Our side was entirely composed of members of the R.C.D.'s. This however, proved to be no great handicap as this team put on the best game of the season. As this was to be the last time the above teams were to clash in the present schedule, each side was out for a win. Singer's expectations rose high when they learned we were without the services of two of our regular players.

From the kick-off our forwards carried the ball down in a prettily combined movement and from Dooley's centre English headed the ball passed Singer's goal-keeper. Shortly afterwards English hit the inside of the upright and while the ball appeared to be over the line the referee refused to make an award. The Drags continued to press—dash—and Campbell scored the second goal with a nice first-time shot. The Drags were playing a very open game swinging the ball from wing to wing and the Singer defence appeared bewildered. Towards the end of the first half, Campbell and Rowe augmented the score by a goal apiece and half-time arrived with the score Drags 4 Singers 0.

The second half was a repetition only more so, for the Singer team was hemmed in their own half throughout the second period. The Drags continued to sling the ball

about and were awarded five more goals.

The final whistle blew with the score—Garrison 9—Singer 0.

The following represented Garrison this game: Clark, Gilmore, Hammond, Dawkes, Gordon, McKerrall, Cornwall, English, Campbell, Rowe and Dooley.

Mr. Ernie Vandeweghe refereed the game in a very impartial way.

By winning this game the Garrison clinched the cup for the second year in succession.

HIGH AND FANCY DIVING EXHIBITIONS FEATURE OF BARRACKS AQUATIC SPORTS

Ideal weather brought a splendid crowd of spectators to see the annual Aquatic sports of the Cavalry Barracks which were held at the St. Johns Yacht Club pier, with the kind permission of Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R.C.D., on Tuesday afternoon.

Keen competition in all the events kept the spectators interest from beginning to end of the varied programme. The results of the various events were as follows:

50 yards race Tprs. Robinson, Wellard and Woolcock.

Pillow Fight: Tpr. Dobson, Cpl. Martin, Tpr. Carter.

Boys Race (under 16) 50 yards W. Snape, V. Jewkes, C. Smith.

100 yards race: Tprs. Robinson and Wellard.

Ladies Race (Open) Misses L. Morin, A. Lasnier, and M. Morin.

Greasy Pole: Tprs. Gravel, Carter and Clarke.

Life saving: (with partners) Tpr. Robinson, Tpr. Wellard, Cpl. Martin

Boys and Girls under 14 (50 yards) V. Jewkes, P. Snape, L. Hammond.

Troop Relay Race: No. 1 Troop, Sgt. Harris and Tprs. Robinson, Woolcock and Dobson.

Long Distance Race: Tpr. Robinson Cpl. Martin, Tpr. Wellard.

Fancy Diving: Cpl. Martin, Sgt. Harris, Tpr. Clarke.

After the last event a splendid display of high fancy and combination diving was given by a team compos-

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ed of Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R.C.D., Q.M.S. W. T. Ellis, R.C.D., Sgt. R. Harris, Cpl. Martin and Tpr. J. Clarke. Every item of this exhibition was splendidly done, and called forth the whole hearted applause of the pleased spectators.

The distribution of the handsome and useful prizes to the winners was most graciously carried out by Mrs. J. V. Williams, who was very heartily cheered by all the "boys" at the termination of her duties.

"B" SQUADRON MOUNTED SPORTS

"B" Squadron held their annual mounted sports at Niagara on the Lake on July 25th. The weather was ideal and a large crowd of spectators were on hand to witness the events. The first item on the programme was the N.C.O.'s. jumping which was won by Cpl. Galloway, whilst Sgt. Sayger, L/Cpl. Stafford, and Sgt. Simpkins had to jump off for second and third places, finishing in the above order. Sgt. Buell had a lot of trouble with his remount which insisted in going anywhere but in the direction of the jumps, the horse has promising jumping qualities if it can only be induced to run

straight. Sgt. Costello had a bad spill at the third jump but managed to hang on to the head collar and reins, thus upholding the traditions of "B" Sqn. "To hang on to the reins at all costs."

The Lloyd Lindsay race consisted of sections of four men from each troop, the competitors had all to be recruits of less than six months service. In this event they had to ride as a section for a distance of about two hundred yards, going over a jump, then dismount for action and hurl stones at an array of targets consisting of tin cans, mount and return over the jump to the starting point. Points were awarded for time, jumping, section control, and dismounted action, the 3rd Troop team were declared the winners.

The troopers jumping was won by Tpr. Hood 4th Troop, Boy Hutchings and Tpr. Saunders jumping off for second place. There was quite a thrill during this event when a little girl ran out in front of a jump, and only the prompt action of Tpr. Saunders on his horse and Tpr. Hayes who carried the little tot to safety, averted what might have been a serious accident.

The Two Chums Race was a thrilling event in which there were

a large number of entries. At the start one man is mounted on the horse, whilst chum holding on to the stirrup leather runs beside him, the chums have to change places at four points during the race. Cpl. Galloway and Tpr. Morgan were the winners. Our "Professor" Dillon caused much amusement during this race, and we must not forget Tpr. Gazell who unfortunately got his long legs entangled about his neck and fell.

The individual Tent Pegging was probably the best event of the day, and it was only after several extra runs between L/Cpl. Stafford and S.S.M. Copeland that the former was declared the winner.

The complete results were as follows:—

N.C.O's Jumping—1st Cpl. Galloway, 2nd. Sgt. Sayer; 3rd L/Cpl. Stafford.

Lloyd Lindsay Race—(for recruits under six months service) 1st, 3rd Troop section; 2nd 1st Troop section.

Troopers Jumping—1st Tpr. Hood; 2nd Boy Hutchins; 3rd Tpr. Saunders.

Pair Jumping—1st L/Cpl. Stafford, and Tpr. Hood; 2nd Cpl. Blake and Tpr. Webb; 3rd Tprs. Nesbitt and H. Saunders.

Two Chum Race—1st Cpl. Galloway and Tpr. Morgan; 2nd L/Cpl. Jennings and Tpr. Munroe;

Wrestling on Horseback—1st, 4th Troop Team; 2nd 1st Troop Team.

Tent Pegging—1st L/Cpl. Sta-

ford, 2nd S. S. M. Copeland D.C.M.; 3rd L/Cpl. Jennings.

On the completion of each event 1st, 2nd and 3rd ribbons were awarded by the Judges, and at the end of a good afternoon of sport the prizes were presented by Mrs D. B. Bowie assisted by Brig.-Gen. C. M. Bell, C.M.G.

R.C.H.A. vs. R.C.D.

On Monday evening Aug. 8th the first scheduled game of the Camp Soft-ball League was played before an enthusiastic crowd of fans.

The Drags proved too strong for the horse artillerymen the final score being 14-10.

It was touch and go all through the game. At the end of the first inning the score was 3-0, favor R.C.H.A. but the Dragoons soon settled down.

At the end of the second inning the score was 3-2 for the Artillery. In the third inning, with two men on bases, Barry knocked foul a homer.

Gilmore on the mound pitched good ball, and although at times he was belted a bit he tightened up at the right time. Considering the practice the team has had he was well supported.

"Would you like some views of the hotel to send to your friends?" asked the manager.

"Sir," replied the disgruntled guest. "I think it would be better for me to keep my views of this place to myself."

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NICHOLLS CUP

The annual shoot for the Nicholls Cup took place at Camp Niagara on the 19th July and provided a very close contest as the following scores indicate:

Name	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total
Lt. Col. Langford, R.J.S.	33	20	34	87
Capt. Fenton, W.S.	30	22	32	84
Major Baty, W.	31	22	29	82
Major Stethem, H.	31	29	17	77
Capt. Drury, M.H.A.	28	19	19	66
Lieut. Gillespie, W.E.	31	20	13	64

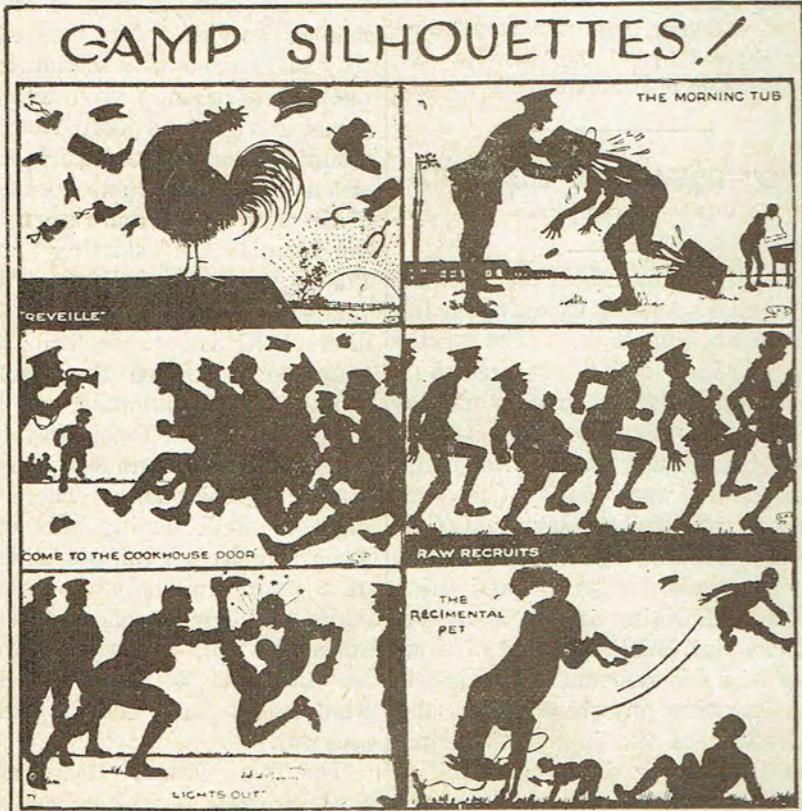
Colonel Langford's rifle became badly nickelled while shooting at the 500 yard range with the consequence that Major Stethem was leading him and Major Baty by seven points on proceeding to the 600 yard Firing Point. Captain Fenton was still very much in the running also, being only eight points behind the leader. Major Bowie and Captain Home dropped

out of the contest after firing at 500 yards, the latter lending Colonel Langford his rifle, which promptly emitted seven bulls eyes in succession and then an inner. The first bulls-eye being a sight shot did not count on score.

After the Shoot the old time honoured custom of filling the cup was honorably observed and even the best shots became half shot.

The Nicholls Cup was presented to the Officers' Mess, Stanley Barracks by Frederick Nicholls Esq., in 1904 for annual competition by officers stationed at Stanley Barracks Previous winners are as follow:—

Lt. Col. J. S. A. Denison, R.C.R.	1914
Capt. A. V. S. Nordheimer R. C.D.	1910
Capt. J. S. Brown, R.C.R.	1911-12
Lient. G. C. Milson, C.P.A.S.C.	1913
Capt. V. Hodson, R.C.	1922
Lt. Col. R. J. S. Langford, R.C.R.	1924
Lieut. W. H. Blake, R.C.E.,	1926
Lt. Col. R. J. S. Langford, R.C. R,	1927



PETAWAWA CAMP PERMANENT FORCE SPORTS'
DAY, AUGUST 20th

Before a large and appreciative crowd, the Permanent Force units, in camp here, held a Sports Day, Saturday, August 20th. Dismounted events were held from 9 a.m. to noon and the mounted events from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. There was a large number of entries and the weather was magnificent.

The following prizes were won in the dismounted events by the Regiment:

Events	Entry	Unit	Prize
220 Yards	Cpl. Green	"A" Sqn.	1st
Throwing the Ball	Tpr. Homerston	"B" Sqn.	2nd
High Jump	L/Cpl. Stafford	"B" Sqn.	2nd
One Mile	Tpr. Homerston	"B" Sqn.	2nd..
440 Yards	L/Cpl. Ross	"A" Sqn.	3rd
Sack Race	Cpl. Green	"A" Sqn.	3rd
Broad Jump	Tpr. Homerston	"B" Sqn.	3rd
Relay Race	Cpl. McKerrall	"A" Sqn.	2nd
	R.C.D.	R.C.D.	3rd

The R.C.D.'s were third in unit totals

Dismounted Events

Events	Entry	Horse	Unit	Prize
Other Ranks Jumping	Cpl. Green	Billy	"A"	2nd
(In this event Cpl. Green ran off with Bdr. Smith, R.C.H.A., after having made a clean performance)				
Officers Jumping	Capt. Grant	Polly	"A"	2nd
(Capt. Grant, Major Timmis and two others tied for first with ½ fault.)				
Ring and Peg	Cpl. Blake	Tich	"B"	3rd
Lloyd Lindsay	"B" Squadron			3rd
Officers Tent Pegging	Lieut. Chadwick	Teddy	"A"	2nd
Section Tent Pegging	"A" Squadron			2nd
	"B" Squadron			3rd

Cup for the best individual man was won by L/Cpl. Cullinan, "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

"A" Squadron was second and "B" Squadron third in unit aggregates.

THE GUIDES CUP RACE

The race for the Leonard Cup was run on the afternoon of August 21st. There were twelve starters leaving the starting point at intervals of seven minutes. The shortest distance between the nine points was fourteen and one-half miles and the shortest route that could be taken was approximately fifteen miles. The going was very heavy and considerable rain fell during the race. The winner covered the course in about two hours, which, considering the heavy going, the season of the year and the time taken to plot one's course at each point, was excellent time.

The result was: Capt. Preston, R.C.H.A., first; Lieut. Gillespie, R.C.D., second; and Lt. Plow, R.C.H.A., third. Four others finished in the following order: Lieut. Simmonds, R.C.H.A., Lieut. Chadwick, R.C.D., Col. Haggerty, R.C.H.A. and Lieut. Evans, R.C.H.A., Lt. Simmonds made the best time, but

his horse was disqualified owing to its having been ridden to a stand still.

Unfortunately, last year the winner of this cup rode his horse much too severely, but through incompetent judging on the part of a veterinary surgeon, high marks were given for condition of the horse. The folly and cruelty of this decision is only too apparent to those who know the condition of the horse has been in since last summer. This decision may have given the young and inexperienced mind the idea that in order to win, one must ride as in a steeplechase. But fifteen miles is many times the length of any steeplechase; and steeplechase horses are conditioned by experienced old hands.

The object of the cup is to encourage horsemanship, horsemanship and quick and accurate map reading and plotting. It is a very practical scout's test. In war, a scout would be of no use if his horse was "all in" at the end of an errand. This year

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there were many conditions that need remedying another year. For instance: a twelve foot water jump at the end of the course is cruelty to animals—scoring with horseshow methods on the jumps is very impractical—standing the horse in the stables after the race is the last thing an experienced trainer would do—and then to offer him a feed of oats after an hour is down right folly in many cases. The whole list of conditions needs to be revised by practical horsemen and an over-ridden horse should be disqualified entirely.

OLD FORT PLATE RACE

The race was run as a hurdle race over a distance of a mile and three quarters on Drury Plain Petawawa Camp, at 5.30 p.m. on Friday, August, 19th.

The race is open to officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons and thoroughbred horses are barred. 10 started and, considering it was not a short race, the finish was one of the most exciting we have seen for many a day. The result was: First Cap. Wood on Roycandre; Second, Capt. Grant on Teddy; Third, Major Timmis on Jazette.

Winner led by less than a length whilst the third horse was only a neck behind the second. A few yards before the post Jazette was second but Teddy going strong beat her to it. Lieut Chadwick ran a close fourth. A good crowd saw the race.

St. Johns

A Travelling Escort to the Prince of Wales and Party of 2 Officers and 14 other ranks left St. Johns, P.Q. on the morning of July 29th for Quebec City, Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., being in charge. They will return on the afternoon of the 1st August, and entrain the same day for Petawawa Camp with the remainder of the Squadron.

The R.C.D.'s defeated the R.C.A. on Tuesday, August 10th, the score being 3-0. The Drags did not appear to be in the best of form but we expect they will show up better next game. Our chances of winning the championship are good providing there are not too many Jock McLeans on the R.C.R. team.

The first goal was scored in the first half by Sgt. Campbell off a free kick taken by Gilmore. In the second half Rowe and English scored.

Line up: Docley, English, Campbell, Lauder and Rowe; McKerral, Dawkes and Gordon; Gilmore and Harding, Clarke in goal.

Bran Mash.

Black: "If you were condemned to die, what kind of a death would you choose?"

White: "Old age."

The Aristocrat: "When you were abroad did you see the Dardanelles?"

Nouveau Riche: "Yes, we dined with them."

The Wife: "Dear, I've got something to talk to you about."

Her Husband: "Good! Usually it's about something you haven't got."

Scot (reading humorous weekly): "Jock, d'ye notice wha' a lot o' jokes they mak' aboot Scotsmen bein' mean?"

Jock (dourly): "Aye—all at our expense!"

Passenger at booking office, Liverpool-street Station: "A third-class single to Heckington please."

Booking clerk: "Which one?"

"There is only one; it is in Lincolnshire."

"Excuse me, sir, there are two and one is in Derbyshire."

"That one is Eckington, not Heckington."

"Oh, well. If you insist upon fine distinctions like that, I suppose there is only one Heckington."

The pompous man demanded:

"Is this a first class restaurant?"

"Oh yes," answered the waiter, "but we don't mind serving you."

Modern Youth: "You look like a sensible girl; let's get married."

Modern Maid: "Nothing doing. I'm as sensible as I look."

"I want you to serve a lunch as early as you can-to-day Jane," said the mistress to her new maid.

"We always go out motoring on Thursday afternoons."

"Oh, there's no need to worry, mum," said the maid. "I can easily leave the washing-up until we get back."

The Maid: "Oh, how dare you Father said he'd thrash the first man who kissed me."

The Man: "Did he?"

A Frenchman recently became a naturalized Englishman, somewhat to the disgust of a French friend.

"What possible good can it do you?" he expostulated.

"Lots of good," returned the other. "In the first place—well, in the first place—I—I am now able to say, 'we won the Battle of Waterloo.'

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